

4 Lord's Thomases Wedding,
Lord Thomas he was of bold forester,
and a keeper of our kings deer
Lord of fair Elinor was a fine woman,
Lord Thomas he loved her dear.

5th It happened on a high, holly-day,
As many there did betide,
Lord Thomas he went unto fair Elinor,
Who should have been his bride.

6th Come riddle my middle dear mother she said,
And riddle us all as one.

Whether I shall ~~go~~^{go} with fair Elinor,
And let the brown girl alone.

7th The brown girl she has got house and land,

Fair Elinor she has none.
Therefore I charge you on my blessing,
To bring me the brown girl home.

8th And when he came to fair Elinors gate,
He knocked so loud on the ring,

And none was so ready as fair Elinor,
To let Lord Thomas in.

9th What news what news Lord Thomas she said,
What news do you bring unto me.
I am come for to bid thee to my wedding,
And that is bad news for thee.

10th A good forbid fair Elinor she said,
That such a thing might be done.
I thought to have been the bride my own self,
And you to have been the brides-groom.

I Come middle my middle dear mother he said.
And middle us both as one,
Whether I shall go to Lord Thomases wedding,
Or tarry with thee at home.

⁹ There is many there that will be your friends,
And many it will be your foe,
Therefore I charge you on my blessing,
To Lord Thomases wedding dont go.

¹⁰ If there is many there that will be my friends,
And many it will be my foe,
Beside my life, beside my death,
To Lord Thomases wedding I'll go.

¹¹ She called down her merry men all,
And dressed them all in green,
And every town that they rode through,
They took her to be some jester.

¹² And when she came to Lord Thomases gate,
She knocked so hard on the ring,
And none was so ready as Lord Thomas himself,
For to let Lord the fair Elneor in.

¹³ Is thy your bride fair, said she,
He thinks she looks wondrous brown
You might have had as fair a lady,
As ever the sun shined on.

¹⁴ Pessie her not Lord Thomas he said,
Pessie her not unto me,
For better do I love your little finger,
Than all her whole body.

¹⁵ Lord Thomases bride had a little pink knife,
That was both long and sharp,
She stepped behind fair Elneors back,
And she stabbed her to the heart.

¹⁶ Lord Thomases bride had a little
Lord Thomas he had a sword by his side.

¹⁷ What is the matter Lord Thomas he said.
You look so pale and wan.
You use to look with as fresh a colour:
Is ever the sun shined on.

¹⁸ Are you blind Lord Thomas she said
Or cannot so very well see.

Do not you see my very new blood
Shewn trickling down my shins.

¹⁹ Lord Thomas he had a sword by his side.
As he walked about the hall.
He cut off his brides head from her shoulder.
And threw it against the wall.

He put the bill upon the ground.
The spirit went to his heart.

There never was two lovers met.
That sooner did depart.

His race is run his jig is up.
He can neither breakfast dine nor sup.
And since he chooses to with draw
Good night good night to none tomorrow.

Come all you good people and unto me give ear.
I will sing a woful ditty as ever you did hear.
It is of an old devil as I have heard them say
That he did live in the sphere as long as he could stay.
He kept a doleful uproar he was so full of spleen.
He made the people after wish that the world took his part.

Why should we at our lots repine? Or grieve at our distress? Some think if they should
riches gain! They'd gain true happiness! Alas! how vain is all their gain! Since
life will soon decay! And since we're here with friends so dear! Let's drive dull
cares away! Why should ~~the~~ the rich despise the poor? Why should the
poor repine? A little time will make us all in equal friendship join!
We're much to blame we're all the same! Alas! we're made of clay,
And since ~~we~~ The only circumstance in life! That ever I could find to soften
care and temper mirth! Is sweet content of mind! With such a store we
have much more! That's ever we can convey! And since ~~we~~ 3 Let's
make the best ~~of~~ ~~of~~ our own of life! Nor render it a curse! But take it
as you would a wife! ~~For~~ better or for worse! Life at the best is but a jest
(A dreary winters day) ~~And~~ & since ~~we~~ When age old age comes creeping on
And we are young no more! Let's repine at what we've done! Nor think
our pleasures ~~are~~ ~~over~~ (But sincerely as formerly) Be merrily gay! and

June 1. 1940



Mrs. Helen Hartness Flanders.

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